

MOTION PICTURES

By

Amanda Jane Moore

A project paper submitted to the faculty of
The University of Utah
In partial fulfillment of the requirement for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

Department of Art and Art History

The University of Utah

May 2006

Copyright © Amanda Jane Moore 2006

All Rights Reserved

THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE APPROVAL

of a final project paper submitted by

Amanda Jane Moore

This final paper has been read by each member of the following supervisory committee and by majority vote has been found to be satisfactory.

March 28, 2006

ML 28 06

March 28, 2006

Chairman:

Laurel Caryn

Joseph Marotta

Paul Stout

THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

FINAL READING APPROVAL

I have read the final project paper of Amanda Jane Moore
in its final form and have found that (1) its format, citations, and bibliographic
style are consistent and acceptable; (2) its illustrative materials including figures,
tables, and charts are in place; and (3) the final manuscript is satisfactory to the
Supervisory Committee and is ready for submission to the Graduate School.

March 28, 2006
Date

Laurel Caryn
Chairperson, Supervisory Committee

Approved for the Major Department

Elizabeth A. Peterson
Elizabeth A. Peterson
Chairperson

Approved for the Graduate Council

Raymond Kymas-Jones
Dean, College of Fine Arts

ABSTRACT

Art cannot be created in a bubble. *Motion Pictures* is no exception. This body of work is a culmination of my education, location, and personal interaction with pop culture. Without my move from Atlanta to Salt Lake City, I would not have become so obsessed with my subject matter. Without my subject matter I would never have attracted attention from certain professors. And without those professors I would never have found my medium, and so on and so on...

When I first moved to Utah, instead of being completely overwhelmed by the mountains and nature, I found myself in awe of places like State Street in Salt Lake City and the strip in Wendover, Nevada. I couldn't believe that the *ma and pop* businesses of the past hadn't been leveled to make way for a new Motel 6 or Harrah's. The memories I have of my childhood in the south leave the same taste as the landscapes still standing in Utah today. The Utah landscapes have outlived most of their kind but they are on borrowed time.

The Motion Picture boxes change the images into three dimensional art objects. They are no longer simply about a photograph; instead they are sculptural interpretations of the photographic images. When I first became interested in creating light boxes instead of prints, one of my motivations behind doing this was to create an individual art object. Photography, like printmaking, is about series or print—not the single piece. As I began creating the individual boxes, they no longer felt like individuals but parts of a

bigger body of work. That was very ironic to me, but it was also one of the major factors in my choice to hang all of the pieces connected together.

The individual frames of the light boxes were on the original pieces before they were transformed for my work. Most of the frames are imitations of various styles and wood grains. They are made of plaster and chip very easily. I clean them up as best as I can but there is a certain amount of character in the chips and scratches. Their scars are reminders of their travels and transformations.

To my parents, for always believing in me

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Abstract	iv
Acknowledgements	viii
Introduction	1
Historical Influences	2
Subject Matter	8
Road Trips	10
The Boxes	12
The Frames	13
Hanging the Show	13
The Cords	14
The Audience	16
Conclusion	17
Reference Page	19
The Images	20

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank the Art and Art History department for all their help and support in putting on the Motion Pictures show. I especially want to thank the members of my committee: Joe Marotta, Paul Stout and Laurel Caryn. I also want to thank faculty members Monty Paret, Boreth Ly, and Maureen O'Hara Ure for going beyond the call of duty in their support of me. I must thank the lovely ladies of the office, Jenni Evans, Karen Dunlap, Ivory Hill and Nevon Bruschke, for being there for me to vent, talk and laugh every day of the week. Also to Elizabeth Peterson, our fair and wonderful leader, who made it possible for me to continue my last semester.

I also want to thank my fellow graduate students for sharing the ups and downs of the graduate experience together. Eugene Tachinni, Paula Airth, and Sylvia Ramachadran, you were amazing coming into my craziness and just going with it. It has been amazing to see your work grow along with Pailey. William Emerich has been a constant friend and showed me that gray skies are the best. I must also thank all my good friends that helped with the construction of the show. I would have never been able to do it without them. I must also thank Sara Woody for helping document the show and figuring out how to capture movement and light.

Without moving to Utah, I would have never created my work nor would I have gained a second family. I must thank the entire Esplin clan for taking me in as one of your own and helping me every step of the way. Erin, Grant, and Fred, thank you so much for everything. Without you, I am not sure I would have made it.

My own family has been wonderful in lending their support for everything I have done. My sister Sarah Jo has been one of my biggest fans and helped give me confidence when I wasn't sure what I was doing. My brother Dan and his wife Sarah have helped give me the most important person in my life, Connor. And of course my parents, who believed that whatever I did would be great. I would have never been able to do this without you. I love you both so much.

I have to give special thanks to the woman who changed my life. Not only is she my best friend and mentor, she is my future mother in law. I love you so much Marti Grace and will never be able to show you all you did for me. You are an amazing artist, mother and friend and I hope to always have you in my life.

And finally to my best friend and partner, Jason. You have carried me through all the difficulties in putting on this show and have always made me laugh when I needed it. You constantly pushed me to keep making art and made me remember that I was indeed an artist. You are the best ally a girl can ask for and I feel so blessed to have you in my life.

And of course to Miss Willie, Rocko, Pumpkin, Monkey Business, Butters and company for understanding mommy is crazy.

In memory of Mary Moore and Leah Esplin.

Motion Pictures: The Work and the Installation

Introduction

One thing I wrote about was how time appears in a photograph. That in some pictures it appears frozen...where you viscerally feel this moment being frozen out of the flow of time. There are other pictures where time seems to have just stopped. ¹

Art cannot be created in a bubble. My show *Motion Pictures* is no exception.

This body of work is a culmination of my education, location, and personal interaction with pop culture. Without my move from Atlanta to Salt Lake City, I would not have become so obsessed with my subject matter. Without my subject matter I would never have attracted attention from certain professors. And without those professors I would never have found my medium, and so on and so on...

There is something to be said about conceptual artists. Unfortunately I am not one, and *Motion Pictures* came piece by piece rather than as a single, pre-visualized experience.

In discussing this work I feel I must first talk about it one piece at a time, leaving the whole as an afterthought. The weight of this show is balanced between its subject matter, mediums, display and installation. The audience, with its reactions and interactions, becomes the final piece to the whole puzzle.

Historical Influences

Diorama to Colorama (Or, Why I had to go Big)

...[The Diorama's] main concern was to incorporate the passage of time and movement...The Diorama originated more from magic or enchantment...than science.²

I think it is important when discussing your own work to let your audience know where you came from personally, historically, and artistically. I came from a trailer park. The artwork I remember from early on in my life was hung in a basement, and its content was mainly of the beer advertisement variety. My parents were teenagers at the time and allowing a three year old a nightlight that looked like a keg of Budweiser never crossed their minds as odd. After all there were horses in it.

These may be funny anecdotes of my childhood, but they also illustrate the history of the moving picture, my medium of choice. Besides being used as a relaxation tool, they were a popular form of beer advertising starting in the seventies. They can still be seen today.

After the trailer park, I moved on up in the world and had a chance to go to a high school with a strong focus in the arts. I began taking my first photography classes before I was fifteen, and like any good teenager, I gave up my dreams in order to meet boys. After that didn't pan out and all I had was a few years experience in the medical waste field and a Bachelors of Art in Fiction Writing, I decided to start pursuing my dreams of being a photographer again. It started in community college, and eventually led to the Art Institute of Atlanta.

While in Atlanta, I learned how to work in the commercial field of photography and had a few internships and jobs with commercial photographers. I knew that world was not for me (or any creature with a soul). I wanted to be more than a photographer; I wanted to be an artist. After touring various grad schools, I knew a loose system that allowed me to pursue work in other mediums was going to be important to me. The only place I found this was in Utah. The program at the University of Utah encouraged interdisciplinary work, which I found refreshing. It is in this system that I was able to leave behind traditional photography and work with the kinetic light boxes I call *Motion Pictures*.

The installation of *Motion Pictures* had all of the light boxes of various sizes hung in a loose salon style on one single wall. This presentation style was not only reminiscent of early photographic shows, but also of the large format works of the dioramas and coloramas. Once all twenty-seven light boxes were hung on a single wall, they no longer looked like individual art pieces as they did a single art piece.

I think it is important to bring up the diorama here because it was historically one of the first art experiences that was as much spectacle as it was artistic. The idea of a house or gallery built specifically to show the dioramas, and the fact that they were art that had to be *experienced* rather than *observed*, was a huge influence in my decisions on how to design the final installation of *Motion Pictures*. The dioramas were considered great copies of the landscapes they portrayed. Before photography, they were the only way to experience going down the Mississippi River or the Nile without actually going there.

One of the great Diorama artists (and also an early innovator and inventor of photography), Louis Daguerre actually added lighting effects to his dioramas using colored glass and fire. Because of this, very few of the panoramic paintings survived, but the memories of them are recorded. Audiences waited patiently as the great paintings changed seasons or from day to night. This added effect meant the audience spent a great deal of time with the art. The details were studied for their realism and technique.

Baudelaire reminisced about the dioramas:

I want to go back and see the dioramas, for their total and far reaching magic perpetrates an illusion that serves a useful purpose.... Because they are false, they are infinitely closer to reality; whereas the majority of our landscape artists are liars because they have in effect neglected to lie.³

In the 1950s, the Eastman Kodak Company began an ad campaign exclaiming they had printed the “World’s Largest Photographs.” They had in fact printed images eighteen feet tall and sixty feet wide. The images were backlit with more than a mile of cold-cathode tubes. They made 565 of these images, all of which were displayed in the Grand Central Terminal in NYC. These images portrayed everything from a color, panoramic view of the Rocky Mountains done by Ansel Adams to a Hallmark Card vision of a wholesome, middleclass, white family on Christmas morning. Because of their size, the images became epic no matter what they portrayed .

In retrospect, they too seem more real because instead of trying to show truth and reality, they illustrated the values wanted and respected in the cold war era. The living rooms looked more like TV sets than anything you could ever see in real life. There were never any apologies for the unreal reality shown in the images because they were not supposed to be about the real. They were about the accomplishments of Kodak and their

products. These humongous, backlit transparencies were shown in a high traffic area, where people were always on the go. They actually made a real impact on the people who saw them. Size really does matter.

So does kitsch.

Kitsch: Garish, pretentious, or sentimental art. Vulgar and Worthless.⁴

Stephen Shore understood the value of kitsch when he first headed cross-country with his camera. He took hundreds of images of the everyday roadside diners, motels and gas stations along the way. In Texas, instead of printing them out traditionally, he had them printed as postcards. He would then sneakily leave his postcards, unbeknownst to the owners, in preexisting postcard displays along the way. Even though he was an artist, he dispersed of his art in a most unassuming way. "...Kitsch is simply a product of humanity, usually working class humanity...Being often without monetary value, it could be said to be the purest art form in the world."⁵

When he took his postcard images, one thing always set them apart from the real postcards; Shore always left a reminder of himself in the image. Whether it was his shadow or the remnants of his breakfast, it was important for him as an artist to set his images aside from the postcards he was emulating.

Richard Hamilton talks about this phenomenon in his essay on pop. "A cross fertilization of Futurism and Dada which upholds a respect for the culture of the masses and a conviction that the artist in twentieth century urban life is inevitably a consumer of mass culture and potentially a contributor to it."⁶

Stephen Shore not only influenced me with his use of a mass culture product but also with his choice of subject matter. His important book, Uncommon Places, was

reissued in 2004 with what he called a “director’s cut” of the imagery within the book. The book focused on his road trips and the society surrounding highways and small town America. He was interested in the manmade landscapes of the blue-collar worker. The images were taken when highway culture was peaking and roadside attractions used design and architecture to grab your attention. These images represented not the nostalgia we have today but the gaudy roadside America that so many people were still resisting. Shore documented these places like they were historically important markers long before he could even imagine their demise. He did this to journal his own actions and his own journeys. Like in his postcard series, his artistic self was important, but instead of leaving some piece of himself in the image he let the images record his memories and experiences.

“Everything must equal reality even if...reality was fantasy.”⁷

When I first discovered Jorge Sasse, I had hit a wall with my own work. I had over one hundred images of signs and abandoned manmade landscapes, and I didn’t have a clue what I was going to do with them.

Jorge Sasse takes other people’s memories and turns them into all new realities by using his scanner and computer. He then blows the images up, prints them on Plexiglas and hangs them back lit with fluorescent tubes. I was not only intrigued by his process but also his presentation and what a gallery full of lit up imaginary realities would look like. I began inquiring around about how to make light boxes and enlarged transparencies.

It was then that I found myself at a swap meet intrigued by the relaxing motion picture boxes. I was able to acquire one cheaply after a great deal of negotiations, and

found myself imagining what my work would look like lit from behind and moving. I then began working my images over in the computer, not to the point Sasse does where there is no truth left, but more basic modifications and enhancements with color and focus. I then took the digital images to a lab where they were printed out on signage material for the boxes.

Subject Matter

Signs, Toads, and the End of the Hourly Rate

...While we weren't paying attention our dreams for a futuristic future eventually gave way to stucco clad strip malls, horrendously boxy cars and generic food packaging.⁸

When I first moved to Utah, instead of being completely overwhelmed by the mountains and nature, I found myself in awe of places like State Street in Salt Lake City and the strip in Wendover, Nevada. I couldn't believe that the ma and pop businesses of the past hadn't been leveled to make way for a new Motel 6 or Harrah's. "Hordes of roadside attractions...are increasingly in the crosshairs of modern development. To make way for the new, old stalwarts are too often torn down. In the wake of destruction, the general public is left only with memories..."⁹ The memories I have of my childhood in the south have the same taste as the landscapes still standing in Utah today. Unfortunately, where land is more precious, the family owned diners and motels don't really stand a chance for survival. The Utah landscapes have outlived most of their kind but they are definitely on borrowed time.

When I capture one of these places, I feel I am preserving them for myself because of my personal experience with the subject matter and also because I don't know if they will make it another day. I will shoot images that I know will never make it into a box because it is important to record the sign or landscape as a piece of my own personal history and memory. I have taken my art and created a collection. The individual signs and places are important not only as markers of their own existence but also as reminders of every other place that preceded them into extinction.

When a great building is destroyed, the sign is often the last thing to go...an abandoned building's sign is a good indicator of the flavor...of what was once inside...as a sign's once bright attention grabbing paint begins to fade and peel, and the steel underneath acquires a patina of rust, it becomes more, not less noticeable. Now that the arrows no longer point at anything, they end up pointing to themselves and back to us.¹⁰

Often, I isolate my subject matter within the sky behind it. I do this for many reasons. The first being a technical problem of height, I often must look up at the signs and places I shoot. I isolate out the individual objects from their background so that their inherent beauty is not muddled with the rest of the landscape. Jeff Brouws stated, "Isolated from their original environment and reframed as distinct objects...subjects are imbued with a kind of dignity..."¹¹ He was speaking of his own work, but I think this is true of my work as well. Isolation and perspective give the subject matter a sense of dignity and importance. This also gives the viewer a chance to really contemplate the object. Most of my subject matter is only seen driving 65 mph through a car window. The idea of isolating it out of its place really gives the image a whole new life. It becomes its own thing, not the sign you pass every day on your way to work.

In a metropolis made up of 76 different cities where alleyways are 10 lane freeways and man considers his right foot a limb designed for pressing the accelerator, and the left an atrophied appendix.... eyes are something to focus, at steady driving speed, on visual-mechanical wonders, signs, constructions that must impress the mind in a space of just a few seconds.¹²

Road Trips

Where the Long, Strange Trip Begins

Driving into the unknown as the highway continually unravels in front of you, a feeling grabs you by the soul and doesn't let go. You always know escape is a mere tank of gas away from reality.¹³

Since Kerouac recorded his journeys in On the Road, hopping in your car to discover a new place has never been the same. The myth of the American roadside is unavoidable, especially for an artist who has read Kerouac. The adventure is not where you are going but the journey you take to get there.

My art is created on these journeys. My inspiration comes when the dogs are loaded in the truck and I've got nowhere to be. "In 1903, Dr. Horatio Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vermont completed North America's first transcontinental automobile crossing. Accompanied by a mechanic and a goggled bulldog named Bud..."¹⁴ The joy of my art comes with the discovery of a new place and capturing its landscape.

The architecture of the two-lane highway is endangered because of the more modern interstate systems of today. Travelers forget the journey and focus on their destinations. It is a shame because there is a certain charm to the small towns and rest stops that sprung up around the old highways. As more and more people move into urban hubs for jobs, these American small towns see nothing in their future. The bulk of the population is closing in on the retirement age and the few young people still left are figuring out their escape. The industries that kept these towns afloat have left and the last

legs of tourism are going. These endangered sites become the bulk of my experience and therefore my art.

Because of my age and perspective, I look at these objects with reverence and nostalgia. Fifty years ago, when these roadside landscapes began to spring up everywhere, people were appalled by their gaudy looks and cheap construction. They missed the class and architecture of their past. In this cyclical situation it makes you wonder if in fifty years from now, someone will be mourning the demise of the Holiday Inn.

The Boxes

Why make one when you can make thirty?

...The conventions of the profession are as much a part of his process as the technical constraints of production...¹⁵

After a serious amount of negotiations with a vendor in Florida, I found myself with hundreds of broken motion picture boxes of various sizes, in various states of disrepair. I then began my modifications to expand their depth and give distance to the new images, my images. I then reworked the frames they came with and covered the entire box in velvet. The final product is a light box with a motor that rotates a plastic sheet and gives the illusion of movement to the final image. Each box comes equipped with the sound of running water with bugs or birds. The noise is intended to relax the viewer. This may be true when the boxes have their original imagery of Shangri-La or the beach, but once the imagery of the Blue Pine Motel is in place, the crickets seem unnerving. I like to leave it up to the audience to turn the noise up or down. Depending on the viewer it can be distracting or complimentary.

The boxes themselves become interesting art objects. They are no longer simply about a photograph; instead they are a sculptural interpretation of the photographic image. When I first became interested in creating light boxes instead of prints, one of my motivations behind doing this was to create an individual art object. Photography, like printmaking, is about series or prints, not the single piece. I wanted the single piece. As I began creating the individual boxes, they no longer felt like single pieces but parts of

the bigger body of work. That was very ironic to me, but it was also one of the major factors in my choice to hang all of the pieces on one wall.

The Frames

The individual frames of the light boxes were on the original pieces before they were transformed for my work. Most of the frames are imitations of various styles and wood grains. They are made of plaster and chip very easily. I clean them up as best as I can but there is a certain amount of character in the chips and scratches. Their scars are reminders of their travels and transformations. There are also mirrored frames that add a modern slant to the entire body of work.

The assortment of frames is a curiosity to some viewers. I think they want to believe there is more of a reason behind the variations. The lack of consistency in the frames is a reminder of the *Wunderkammens* of the past. Private collections where consistency of frames or even subject did not matter. It was simply the collection that mattered.

Hanging the Show

The prominence of moving image installations has restaged fundamental precepts of art making and dissemination, including how the artist produces and displays the artwork; how the viewer encounters it; and how it circulates as a commodity.¹⁶

The work, as I stated earlier, was intended to be hung on one wall. When I went to hang it, in reflection of the more casual art space, I chose a loose salon style. This meant all the images were hung sporadically on the one back wall.

Of course the Gittin's Gallery has no back wall, so that first had to be built. When constructing my ideas about the exhibition space, I realized I wanted to do a full installation.

The work needed to be allowed time so the audience could contemplate both the individual pieces and the work as a whole. The work, because of the medium, needed to be shown in low light and with little reflective surfaces. I also felt it deserved a quiet space that allowed reflection but not discomfort or stuffiness.

This all led me to the idea of recreating a movie theater setting. From there the pieces of the exhibition all fell into place. "You have only to go beyond the Museum of Modern Art and the art galleries, and you enter another universe, the preserve of the average family, the tourist, the politician."¹⁷ The walls were covered with black curtains, chairs were placed in the gallery for an audience and at the reception there was a concession stand with popcorn and other movie treats.

The Cords

When working with artwork that needs to be plugged in, the artist is inevitably stuck with electrical cords. When hanging my boxes, I knew the presentation could be enhanced or destroyed by what happened with the cords. I tried several different things: letting them hang loosely, hiding them, and gathering them in bunches, before I came up with turning them into a motherboard.

The cords create another element within the installation. The boxes already create a system of the dying Utah landscape and the motherboard reinforces that idea. The cords create a system between the boxes that give the illusion that the boxes are dependent on one another for power. Because they are so prominent within the display space, they become their own art piece.

The Audience

No Cellphones, Please

“It is we who complete his work; it is our imagination that will add movement, that will bring the spark of life to masterpieces of art.”¹⁸

The audience is an important part of *Motion Pictures*. Their participation changes the exhibit space from static to fluid. The audience goes from sitting in the chairs to standing inches away from the pictures. There is a constant shift between the various positions the viewers can take. The movement within the images emulates the audience. The gallery site becomes another moving landscape within the whole installation. “Visitors leave the site more confused than when they arrived, after undergoing the polar opposite of a traditional educational experience. But there’s value in exploring the flipside of academia; an anti-museum or a roadside attraction so puzzling that one just can’t fathom what its creator was thinking.”¹⁹

In Conclusion

My Journey to Tamara

The moving-image artist has sought to carve out a suitable space within the viewing traditions of the stationary art object. The photograph is a visual slice of the world, composed and functioning as a concrete memory of its actualization. In contrast, the language of the moving-image; framing of the shot, editing of duration, and structuring of movement, articulate a composition in time.²⁰

When first exploring the medium of the moving picture box, I had no idea where it was going to take me. Each step along the way, the idea evolved into what became the *Motion Pictures* show.

I think that each piece of the entire show culminated into a cohesive piece that works on many levels. The show expresses my desire to uphold the beauty and fleeting memory of landscapes of our recent history. It also will hopefully have a lasting effect on those who saw it.

I would like to conclude with a piece from Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*:

You walk for days among trees and among stones. Rarely does the eye light on a thing, and then only when it has recognized that thing as the sign of another thing: a print in the sand indicates the tiger's passage; a marsh announces a vein of water; the hibiscus flower, the end of winter. All the rest is silent and interchangeable; trees and stones are only what they are.

Finally the journey leads to the city of Tamara. You penetrate it along streets thick with signboards jutting from the walls. The eye does not see things but images of things that mean other things: pincers point out the tooth-drawer's house; a tankard, the tavern; halberds, the barracks; scales, the grocer's. Statues and shields depict lions, dolphins, towers, stars: a sign that something-who knows what? - Has as its sign a lion or a dolphin

or a tower or a star. Other signals warn of what is forbidden in a given place (to enter the alley with wagons, to urinate behind the kiosk, to fish with your pole from the bridge) and what is allowed (watering zebras, playing bowls, burning relatives' corpses). From the doors of the temples the gods' statues are seen, each portrayed with his attributes-the cornucopia, the hourglass, the medusa-so that the worshipper can recognize them and address his prayers correctly. If a building has no sign board or figure, its very form and the position it occupies in the city's order suffice to indicate its function: the palace, the prison, the mint, the Pythagorean school, the brothel. The wares, too, which the vendors display on their stalls are valuable not in themselves but as signs of other things: the embroidered headband stands for elegance: the gilded palanquin, power; the volumes of Averoes, learning; the ankle bracelet, voluptuousness. Your gaze scans the streets as if they were written pages: the city says everything you must think, makes you repeat her discourse, and while you believe you are visiting Tamara you are only recording the names with which she defines herself and all her parts.

However the city may really be, beneath this thick coating of signs, whatever it may contain or conceal, you leave Tamara without having discovered it. Outside, the land stretches, empty, to the horizon; the sky opens, with speeding clouds. In the shape that chance and wind give the clouds, you are already intent on recognizing figures: a sailing ship, a hand, an elephant....²¹

REFERENCES

- ¹ Shore, Stephen, photographer. Uncommon Places. New York: Aperture, 2004, p 181.
- ² Comment, Bernard. The Painted Panorama. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 2000, p 61.
- ³ Ibid, p62.
- ⁴ Hemingway, Wayne, Ed. 20th Century Icons (Kitsch). Bath, England: Absolute Press, 1999, p 13,
- ⁵ Ibid, p 13.
- ⁶ Harrison, Charles and Wood, Paul, Editors. Art in Theory 1900-2000: An Anthology of Changing Ideas. Malden, MA: Blackwell Publishing, 2003, p 743.
- ⁷ Eco, Umberto. Travels in Hyperreality. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1990, p 15.
- ⁸ Brows, Jeff, photographer. Ready Mades. San Francisco: Chronicle Books, LLC, 2003, p p 193.
- ⁹ Peterson, Eric. Roadside Americana. Lincolnwood, Illinois: Publications International, Ltd., 2004, jacket cover.
- ¹⁰ Brows, Jeff, photographer. Ready Mades. San Francisco: Chronicle Books, LLC, 2003, p p 193.
- ¹¹ Ibid, p 9.
- ¹² Eco, Umberto. Travels in Hyperreality. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1990, p 26.
- ¹³ Peterson, Eric. Roadside Americana. Lincolnwood, Illinois: Publications International, Ltd., 2004, p 7.
- ¹⁴ Ibid, p 5.
- ¹⁵ Shore, Stephen, photographer. Uncommon Places. New York: Aperture, 2004, p 8.
- ¹⁶ Dennison, Lisa; Spector, Nancy; and Young, Joan. Moving Pictures. New York: Guggenheim Museum Publications, 2003, p 15.
- ¹⁷ Eco, Umberto. Travels in Hyperreality. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1990, p 6.
- ¹⁸ Comment, Bernard. The Painted Panorama. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 2000, p 97
- ¹⁹ Peterson, Eric. Roadside Americana. Lincolnwood, Illinois: Publications International, Ltd., 2004, p 121.
- ²⁰ Dennison, Lisa; Spector, Nancy; and Young, Joan. Moving Pictures. New York: Guggenheim Museum Publications, 2003, p 16.
- ²¹ Calvino, Italo. Invisible Cities. New York: Harcourt, Inc., 1974, p 13.



The Continental Motel, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



The Cowboy, 18"x12"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



The Omni, 16"x12"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2004



The S&W, 16"x12"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



The Redline, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



Dunham Melons, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



Rockies, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



La Salle, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



Truck Stop, 24"x19"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



Red Motel, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2004



Water Slide, 18"x12"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



Uptown Motel, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



Fireworks, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2004



Spiking Tourist, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



Water Motel, 22"x18"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



Apache Motel, 18"x12"x5", Mixed Media / Photography, 2005



Motion Pictures, Installation Show, Mixed Media / Photography, 28 pieces, October 2005



Motion Pictures, Installation Show, Mixed Media / Photography, 28 pieces, October 2005



Motion Pictures, Installation Show, Mixed Media / Photography, 28 pieces, October 2005



Motion Pictures, Installation Show, Mixed Media / Photography, 28 pieces, October 2005